

# An Excellent New Song OF The Unfortunate WHIG's.

To the Tune of, *The King enjoys his own again.*

[1]

The *Whigs* are but small, and of no good Race,  
and are Belov'd by very few;  
Old *Tony* broach'd his Tap in e'ry place,  
so encourage all his Factious Crew:  
At some great Houses in this Town,  
The *Whiggs* of High Renown,  
And all with a true Blue was their Stain;  
For since it is so,  
They have wrought their overthrow  
Old *Tony* will ne'r enjoy his own again.

[2]

They all owne Duty to their Lawful Prince,  
and Loyal Subjects should have been,  
But their Duty is worn out long since,  
by the *Association* seen:  
But these are the *Whiggs*,  
That have cut off some Legs,  
And fain would beat that Sport amain;  
For since it is so,  
They have wrought their overthrow,  
Old *Tony* will ne'r enjoy his own again.

[3]

And yet they are the Sham-pretenders,  
and they swear they'll support our Laws,  
These be the great Defenders of  
*Ignoramus* and the *Old Cause*:  
They'll defend the King,  
By Swearing of the Thing,  
These are the curst Rogues in grain;  
For since it is so,  
They have wrought their overthrow,  
Old *Tony* will ne'r enjoy his own again.

[4]

The True Religion that shall down,  
which so along has won the day,  
And *Common-Prayer* i'th Church of e'ry Town,  
if that the *Whiggs* could but bear the Sway:  
For *Ours* he does begin,  
Now for to bring them in,

As when he came mumping from *Spain*;  
For since it is so,  
They have wrought their overthrow,  
Old *Tony* will ne'r enjoy his own again.

[5]

How all their Shamming Plots they would hide;  
yet they are Ignorant they say,  
When as Old *Tony* he was Try'd,  
and brought off with *Ignoramus* sway:  
Then *Ours* he was Dumb,  
And could not use his Tongue;  
This is the Shamming Ro--- in Grain,  
For since it is so,  
They have wrought their overthrow.  
Old *Tony* will ne'r enjoy his own again.

[6]

Then let all true Subjects Sing,  
and Damn the power of all those,  
That won't shew Loyalty to their King,  
and assist him against his Whiggish Foes:  
Then in this our happy state,  
In spite of Traytors hate,  
We will all Loyal still remain;  
For since it is so,  
They have wrought their overthrow,  
Old *Tony* will ne'r enjoy his own again.

[7]

God preserve our Gracious King,  
with the Royal Consort of his Bed,  
And let all Loyal Subjects sing,  
that the Crown may remain on *Charles's* head:  
For we will drink his Health,  
In spite of *Common-Wealth*,  
And his Lawful Rights we will maintain,  
For since it is so,  
They have wrought their overthrow,  
Old *Tony* will ne'r enjoy his own again.

FINIS.

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